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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 7 Translation

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SUMMARY

The end of his friend label.

The next day, I follow Mizuki and the rest to the Old Resident District for “Spirited Away”.

But, I’m already bored of Morphine, “Spirited Away” becomes just another casual activity for me.

Mizuki
Oi, Aoba. Do it properly.

Aoba
You’re so noisy.

Even though I retort Mizuki, it’s still bothersome to even respond to him.

Besides of doing these boring stuff, I’d rather spend time in Rhyme.

Then, I’ll destroy my next opponent.

The thought itself heightens my tension.

That’s right, just like this...

Man
Ua.. ... Aaaaaa.... !!

Man
Aaaaaa.....!!

Mizuki
...Aoba!

I was only thinking about Rhyme but before I know it, I'm using my power on the man I'm fighting with.

The man shows a fearful expression, then falls onto the ground after a piercing scream.

The person beside him is the same, falling to the ground after a scream.

Mizuki

What are you doing?! Didn't I tell you not to destroy them?!

Upon hearing the men's screams, Mizuki had run towards me, pushing against me with visible fury on his face.

Aoba

...

Mizuki

What do you intend to do, Aoba.

Aoba

... I'm pulling myself out.

Mizuki

Ha?

He clearly doesn't believe in my scattered, casual words. Mizuki frowns.

Mizuki

What do you mean by you're pulling yourself out?

Aoba

I'm bored of this.

I step on the wrist of the fallen man. The "destroyed" man made no sound.

Aoba

I thought Morphine would be more interesting but it's boring.

Mizuki

...

Mizuki's gaze darkens.

Mizuki

What do you plan to do after pulling yourself out?

Aoba

Who knows? Maybe I'll ask Virus and Trip if there's anything else I can do?

Mizuki
...ugh.

Mizuki seems like he's about to say something but he closes his mouth before he could do exactly so.

We're in the middle of "Spirited Away". It's not a time for us to speak casually like this.

Mizuki
... We'll continue this conversation when we get back later.

With a click of tongue, Mizuki starts to clear up the space.

Without the intention to help, I lean against the wall in a cramped alley, merely staring as the group of black-parka men get to work.

Once we're done with Morphine's job and are back in the Tower, Mizuki grabs onto me and forcefully drags me into his room.

The moment he steps into the room, he glares at me again with the same gaze he'd used on me in the Old Resident District.

Mizuki
What's the matter, Aoba?

Aoba
It's like what I said just now.

Mizuki
You can't.

Aoba
Ha? You don't have the rights to decide for me.

Mizuki
Even so, you can't.

Both of Mizuki's tone and expression present of fury I've never seen before.

Mizuki
That aside, what do you mean that you're going to ask them what you should do?

Aoba
Them?

Mizuki
You're going to the two persons, right?

Aoba
Aah. They said that it's okay for me to do whatever I like. Unlike you.

Mizuki
...

Aoba
They said they wanted to see how aggressive I can be, you know?

Aoba
If they put it that way... I can't help but wanting to go to their side.

Mizuki
...

Mizuki
... Even so.

Mizuki mutters in a low breath, his hands clench into fists.

Mizuki
Even so, you can't, Aoba. Stay in Morphine.

Aoba
...That's what I said, what rights to you have over me? I told you, right? Don't order me around.

Mizuki
... You can't!

All of a sudden, Mizuki grabs onto my shoulders, his voice scatters.

Aoba
... Ugh.

Morphine
I will never forgive you for pulling out of Morphine. I will never...!

Aoba
It hurts... !

Thanks to the aggressive strength, my back hits the wall.

Even so, Mizuki refuses to let my shoulders go, he glares penetratingly into my eyes.

Aoba
I told you it hurts!

Mizuki
Correct it, then.

Mizuki continues speaking, his voice low and intense.

Mizuki
Say it. Say that you'll stay in Morphine... Say it!

His intensity is very unlike him, I try to brush Mizuki's hands away from my shoulders.

Aoba
Let me go!

But, Mizuki's hands remain persistent as he grabs firmer onto my shoulders.

Aoba
Ugh!

Even when I try to kick him on the ribs, it's no use.

Mizuki
I told you before, right? I want you to be part of our team.

Mizuki
And it finally happened but you expect me to accept that you're going to pull out now?

Aoba
That's your own selfish wish, no?

Mizuki
You can't. I'll never forgive you.

Mizuki
I... The team needs you!

Did Mizuki possess this out-of-place persistence ever since he became part of Morphine?

Anyway, that aside...

Aoba
... You're bothersome... I said to, let me go!!

Using all the strength in my body, I punch Mizuki on the face.

Mizuki
...ugh.

I guess it works, Mizuki's grasp on my shoulders becomes lighter. Using that gap, I pull myself away from Mizuki.

Aoba
Get a grasp of yourself. I'm not your slave nor your puppet.

With that said, I walk out of Mizuki's room.

Seriously, it's making my chest feel bad.

This is the worst.

After that, the relationship between Mizuki and I worsen.

I purposefully avoid Mizuki; I'm not sure if this would be a temporary or a forever thing, probably we will keep staying like this for the rest of our life.

Anyway, I don't have the time to bother with Mizuki, so I don't even participate in "Spirited Away" anymore.

But, Mizuki had been trying to talk to me for countless times now. And they weren't to settle things between us.

"Stay in Morphine."

"Don't pull out from the team."

"I need you."

It feels like he's sick or something; he keeps repeating the same words.

It's like his voice is filled with nothing but fury and the intention to kill; every one of his intention too obvious to miss.

I avoid those intention of his, if he ever becomes too persistent, I'll beat him up then.

Even so, Mizuki never stops trying to talk to me.

Even if I told him that I hate how he's persisting over me now, all he does is repeating the same words like an idiot. I honestly hated him from the bottom of my heart.

Anyway, what he needs is not me but my power.

Noticing how Mizuki himself might not even be aware of this fact, yet still approaching me in such a persistent way, I find myself wanting to play Rhyme more than before.

I want to expose myself in Rhyme.

Leaving no space for myself to breathe, I want to destroy someone.

Yet, the two persons whom I need for a time like this... Virus and Trip, I can't catch them.

They never reply to my calls nor my mails, in the end, I couldn't meet them at all.

I want to clear all these frustrations in me now but yet, without them, I'm not able to play Rhyme.

That does nothing but fan my fury stronger, and so, I contact them every single day.

But, I wonder if they're purposefully avoiding me too, so that I'm not able to catch hold of them.

Trying hard not to face Mizuki, a week has passed.

I'm not able to play Rhyme, seeing Mizuki only frustrates me more, and just like that, my limit is reached.

If I open my mouth, I feel like all the miasma will leak out from my stomach.

I want to talk to Virus and Trip sooner; that I want to pull myself out of Morphine.

I can only do Rhyme now.

With that thought, I sigh as I walk on the corridor. And, it's when I'm walking along the route that I hear a voice.

Mizuki
...Aoba. i found you.

My pace stops upon hearing the voice from behind me.

I thought we're finally done for after not meeting each other for days.

If I am to talk to him now...

...I might kill him.

I slowly turn around, glaring at Mizuki's direction.

Mizuki crouches a little, his back bends, lifting an upper stare as he returns my glare.

Aoba
..... I told you that you're annoying, didn't I?

Mizuki
Aoba..., I won't forgive you if you pull out.

Aoba
Shut up, keep quiet.

Mizuki
I will never forgive you.

Aoba
Who cares about that?

Mizuki
Aoba.

Aoba
...

Mizuki
Aoba, answer me.

Aoba
...

Mizuki
Did you hear me? Morphine needs you.

Aoba
...I told you to stop it, didn't I?

Mizuki
Aoba.

Aoba
... ugh.

...He's a real idiot.

I've decided.

This man...

- I'll destroy him.

Virus
Huh? Aoba-san?

...At that time, I'm taken aback by an abrupt voice.

I stop my raising hand at Mizuki, turning around.

In some distance away, Virus and Trip stand.

Aoba
...

Trip
Aoba, what are you doing in a place like this?

Aoba
... You all.

I couldn't get hold of them regardless of how many times I am to contact them and it only makes me angrier upon seeing their casual appearance.

I turn my back towards Mizuki, facing both of them instead, glaring.

Aoba
What have you been up to until now?

Virus
We talked about it over the phone but we landed ourselves in some troublesome matters, so it took some time to take care of them.

Trip
Really. It was bothersome. We wanted to meet Aoba but we couldn't, sorry for that.

Aoba
Don't joke around with me. How long do you think I've been waiting for you?

Virus
About that, we are very sorry. If there's a chance, we would definitely like to have a good talk with you too...

Aoba
That aside, Rhyme.

I interrupted Virus' words, Mizuki's body trembles ever so slightly.

Virus
Yeah, we are aware of that. Do you want to do it now? We have some time to spare.

Trip
Let's go, Aoba.

Aoba
Of course.

Mizuki
... Wait.

As I lift a step, Mizuki speaks with a sharp tone.

I turn a tad to look at Mizuki, his eyes glimmer with dark shades.

Mizuki
What's this about Rhyme?

Aoba
It's what it is – it's Rhyme. I've done it a while before, it was really fun. A lot better than Morphine.

Mizuki keeps quiet, gritting his teeth. I knew about how sensitive this topic is to him; I provoked him purposefully.

It's more interesting this way.

Aoba
As I thought, Rhyme is better after all. Right?

I purposefully throw the question at Virus and Trip's direction. Both of them smile deeper.

I can feel the cold fun in their expression, then, I return my gaze to Mizuki.

Aoba
You hate Rhyme, right? You despise it, right? If that's the case, then there's no way we can get along after all.

Mizuki
...

Aoba
I've said this before but let me make this clear again. I'm pulling myself out of Morphine. Goodbye to this friend label, I guess.

Aoba
See you.

With that said, I walk towards Virus and Trip. Then.

Mizuki

... Don't joke around with me, Aoba!!!

All of a sudden, Mizuki raises a scattered voice.

I'm shook by the strangled murderous tone in his voice, he looks at me with a stare way more piercing than before.

Mizuki

What's this about Rhyme, don't joke with me! You joined Morphine, I'll never forgive you if you pull out!

Aoba

Ha? I've told you multiple times before that you don't have the rights to decide this for me, didn't I?

Mizuki

I'll never... never forgive you if you play Rhyme!!

Mizuki

Quit Rhyme!! Stay in Morphine!! Stay!!

Aoba

...

Seriously... It's frustrating me from the bottom of my heart.

Virus

Aoba-san?

I come to stand quietly in front of Mizuki, and then, I place a palm on his forehead, his expression is nothing but terrible.

I pull my face closer... and whisper.

Aoba

You, disappear.

Mizuki

... ugh!

Aoba

Disappear.

Mizuki opens a wide stare, his body shakes violently.

His eyes lose focus, his arms fall to his side, losing power.

...ah-ah.

If he listens to me obediently, then I wouldn't need to destroy him.

With an empty feeling, I stare as Mizuki collapses.

...At that time.

Aoba

...?!

My vision starts to blur out, the scene in front of me wavers.

Trip

Aoba?

Virus

Aoba-san!

Huh...

What is... this...

My vision overlaps, power leaves my body.

(■■■■■■■■■■ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■] ■■■■)